

Sarah H. Paul  
95

# The Courant

## College Edition.

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### The Wellesley Courant. COLLEGE EDITION.

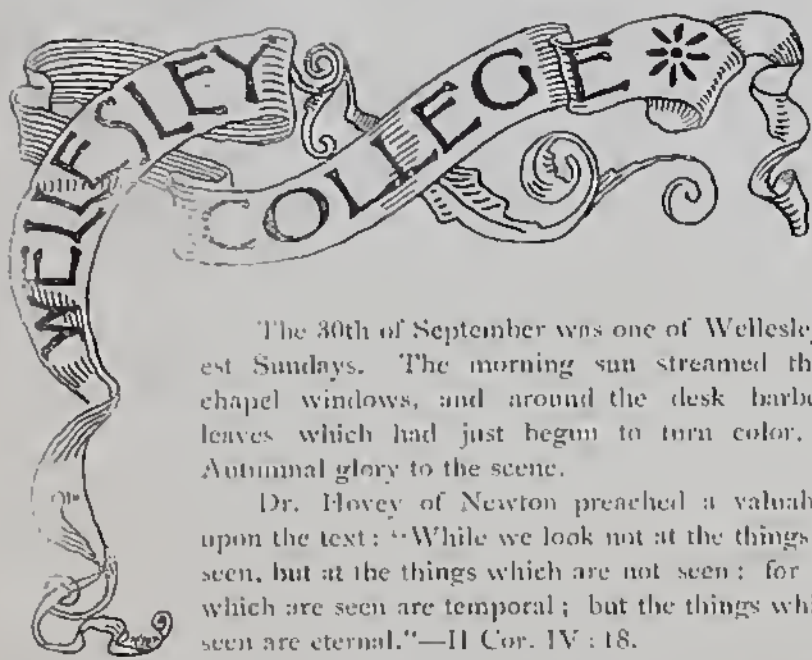
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The 30th of September was one of Wellesley's brightest Sundays. The morning sun streamed through the chapel windows, and around the desk barberries and leaves which had just begun to turn color, lent their Autumnal glory to the scene.

Dr. Hovey of Newton preached a valuable sermon upon the text: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—II Cor. IV: 18.

The service closed with Batiste's beautiful Offertoire in E minor.

The five o'clock prayer meeting was held at Stone Hall and the parlor was full. The discussion in regard to discontinuing these meetings seems only to have increased the general interest in them.

At evening prayers Miss Middlekauff played "Sweet and Low" by Barby, and a Pastorate by Wely.

The section prayer-meetings were held as usual, the "back members" of the Class of '88 coming together for a short devotional service, after which they listened to interesting and inspiring letters from absent members of the class.

#### The Christian Association.

The opening meeting of the Christian Association, held last Thursday evening, the 27th, was one of unusual solemnity. Miss Cummings, the President, read the account of the taking of Jericho, a lesson of the power of faith. Seventy-nine new members were received. It is hoped that the meetings of the Christian Association will be one of the means by which the spiritual life of the College will be greatly quickened this year.

#### The Sophomore Reception.

On Monday last, October 1st, the annual Sophomore reception was given by the Class of '91 to the Freshmen. It was held on the first and second floor centres, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The doors all along the south corridor were hung with portieres, and in all the little recesses were tables, covered with handsome scarfs, on which stood lamps and dimly burning candles.

On one of the tables were the souvenirs for the evening. They were tiny glass tubes filled with fern seed, sealed and tied with green ribbon, in recognition of the legend that the fern seed was a gift of the fairies and would make the wearer invisible.

Everywhere were large vases filled with graceful ferns, the class emblem of '91.

The Browning room was opened and here the President and Vice President, Miss Alice Arnold and Miss Marion Parker, received the guests of the evening.

The Sophomores were made especially happy in having with them President Slater, their honorary member, who assisted the Class President in receiving.

The Acting Chairman of the advanced Freshmen had been invited to receive also, but on account of illness could not be present.

The President and Vice President did the honors of the evening in a way which could excite only pride and satisfaction in the heart of every Sophomore.

The costumes in general were extremely pretty and well suited to the occasion, and many bore the class emblem in color and leaf.

The Freshmen made a very pleasing impression and were extremely appreciative. Indeed, they seemed to have become so well acquainted in these few weeks that introductions were quite unnecessary, and the Sophomore might again sweetly say, (without sarcasm, of course), how queer it seems without any Freshman class this year!

Many of the Faculty were present and divided their attention between the Sophomores and the Specials, who held their reception on the third floor.

It was a lovely sight to see the three or four hundred bright young girls, dressed in their pretty gowns, unconsciously grouping themselves under the palms, about the statues and on the stairs, each wholly forgetful of herself in her admiration for all about her.

Such scenes are seldom witnessed outside of Wellesley or some similar institution, and we who have the privilege of enjoying the delight and pleasure which they give cannot fail to fully and justly appreciate them.

#### Festivities at The Freeman.

It would seem that the class of '92 were to be deprived of one of the usual Freshman privileges this year, that of homesickness, for on every

hand efforts are being made to show them that there is a sunny side to Wellesley, if the weather is cloudy. Last Saturday evening the Seniors of Freeman, already tired of their dignity, assumed the characters of Mother Goose and her family and entertained the Freshmen of that cottage and of Norumbega for an hour with their melodies.

Miss Mary first displayed her choice garden of "fair maids all in a row." Then poor Pussy was rescued from a watery grave by Tommy Stout, who grappled her with triumphant air while he pointed with disdain to Tommy Green. The next tableau was of a more tragic ending, for the poor maid "hanging out her clothes" did lose her nose, and not only that, but so cruel were the audience that in answer to their demands she must needs grow another to have that nipped off a second time by the voracious blackbird. The contest between Jack Sprat and his wife over "the platter clean" was so exciting that Curly Locks and her lover made a happy relief. Old King Cole with his fiddlers three was such a merry old soul that his merriment pervaded the atmosphere for the rest of the evening and as Mother Goose and her friends sang their farewell they received a hearty invitation—by way of a round of applause—to come again soon.

#### Reception of the Special Organization.

The Faculty and new Special Students of the College were tendered a reception by the Special Organization on last Monday evening. The third floor center was tastefully decorated for that purpose, and with the first and second floors, which were occupied by the Sophomore reception, "looked prettier than ever." The guests were received by Miss Leonard and Miss Jones, the President and Vice President of the Special Organization, and were entertained by the "old" Specials, who proved that they had not omitted from their list of electives the art of making people feel at home. The souvenirs added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening, for each keepsake had written upon it part of a quotation, and its owner was expected to find the holder of the other part. There was a unique pleasure, perhaps not unmingled with embarrassment, in going about labelled "Sweets to the—," looking for the lady who had the rest of one's sweetness.

The number of Specials this year is somewhat smaller than usual, but if Monday evening was a "sweets to the—" the year promises to be an unusually happy one for our S. S. s.

#### School of Art.

Work has begun in real earnest in the Art Department. The Freshmen are being introduced to the fascinating work which trains the hand to reproduce what the eye discovers, under the skillful and enthusiastic guidance of Miss Darrach and Miss Smith. The students in special and advanced work are progressing with new inspiration under the superior instruction of Miss Bothe, who is in the Art Gallery during the forenoon of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The subjects under consideration in the numerous classes vary from the delicately trailing vines of the nasturtium, to the plastic features of Lorenzo de Medici and Dante. Most conspicuous as you enter the Art Gallery are the easels of the members of the life class, who are endeavoring to transfer to their canvasses a typical Hibernian countenance. Owing to the increased numbers, the need of the new Art Building is more strongly felt this year than ever before, and the present gallery is filled with enthusiastic students who look forward eagerly to the time when they can carry on their work in more commodious studios.

#### Dr. Speakman on Dress.

Last Friday afternoon Dr. Speakman delivered to the Freshman class the second of her lectures on Hygiene. The subject on this occasion was "Woman's Dress," and the burden of all her remarks: "Health is the first consideration." By an ingenious argument, the Doctor proved that women are really the stronger sex, since they are willing to stand much more discomfort and bodily injury than men can or will endure.

The wearing of high heeled boots and slippers was strongly protested against, the first habit being the occasion of many sprained and broken ankles, and the latter the cause of many serious illnesses resulting from the sudden chilling of the feet.

The girls were also urged to wear equivoise or Flirt waists and shorter and lighter skirts, particularly for tennis and boating.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

##### Alice Elizabeth Waterman.

"We thought her dying with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Flumed the eastern skies,  
Her spirit passed through Glory's gate,  
And walked in Paradise."

From the class of '89 there has passed away this summer one who was an honor to the class in her studies, a warm friend and helper to her companions, and an earnest, practical Christian in every event of her life.

Alice Elizabeth Waterman, daughter of the Rev. Granville C. and Mrs. Julia Mansfield Waterman, was born at Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y., on April 19, 1867. Her early childhood was spent in Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y. In 1874 she moved with her parents to Dover, N. H., and in the autumn of the same year she entered the public schools of that city. Even at that early stage of her brief life, she won the love and respect of her schoolmates, and was also beloved by her teachers on account of her sweet disposition and quick intelligence. On passing from the Ward schools to the High school, she maintained her high class position and graduated with the Valedictory honor, shared with Miss Katharine Quint, a warm friend and afterward college classmate in the ranks of '89.

Her college career, which opened so brightly, was brought to an un-

timely end last spring on account of her rapidly failing strength. The brilliant spot of color on either cheek, by so many thought to be the sign of vigorous health, was but the emblem of that disease, insidious and fatal, which, before her friends were aware, had taken so firm a hold on her system as to render recovery impossible.

To us she was always a cheerful, helpful companion and a most earnest believer in Christianity. All these traits which so endeared her to us while she was yet well and strong, were intensified and made more lovable by the suffering she endured during her illness. One who was bound to her by the closest ties of relationship and love, says of her: "I would that by words I could help those who had not the privilege of being with Alice during her gradual slipping away into the life beyond, to realize somewhat the blessedness of those last days. Her soul was in her eyes, and we knew her a pure spirit; her smile was a benediction. Her rare patience and politeness were noticed by all who ministered to her. She was grateful for the slightest thing done for her comfort or pleasure; every service was acknowledged by gentle word or eloquent look. To the last she was thoughtful for all about her. Her last afternoon was wholly free from pain and she spoke several times of feeling well, and wondered why she was lying there. We knew she was fitted for life anywhere, and not realizing the time of her departure was at hand, said nothing to her of the future. The process perfected in her is fitly expressed by her favorite text: 'But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.'"

At early dawn on the 11th of August she left this earthly home for the heavenly. The burial services took place on Tuesday, August 14. Among the hymns sung on the occasion was one often used at Wellesley, and a favorite with Alice, beginning, "My Jesus, as Thon Wilt," chosen, in part, because of its association with her Wellesley life.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Howard of Franconia, assisted by the Rev. F. K. Chase of Dover, N. H., who was her last pastor before she entered college. The remarks made by him bring before us the most salient points of her character.

1st. She possessed an unusual maturity of intellect, being beyond her years thoughtful and clear sighted. Not only her own writings, but the comments and criticisms made by her, on the writings of others, were marked by original thought.

2nd. Her willingness to help others was most noticeable. To aid a friend she would add to her own burdens cheerfully.

3rd. Her faithfulness to duty was a part of her life. Being assured that a thing was right, she was intensely loyal to it; being satisfied that a thing was wrong, she made absolutely no compromise with it.

4th. Her intuitive, childlike faith in God was as natural to her as to breathe; many truths whose proof we appreciate only by a long process of logical reasoning, or by the harder logic of painful experience, were to her like axioms. Her faith purified and brightened all her years of health and activity, helped her to bear patiently the pain and suffering of her failing life, made God a real and present helper, and enabled her to appropriate the hope of immortality.

Her body lies in Glenwood Cemetery near Littleton, N. H., in a spot where the Nature that she loved makes her resting place most beautiful.

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit  
Thou art above,  
Souls like thine with God inherit  
Life and Love."

#### Of the Years at Wellesley a Class Mate Writes:

Often times when we take up a loved volume, it opens itself at a much-read page and the faint breath of wild-rose or violet—once between the leaves—comes to us from the open book; so it seems that when our thoughts turn, as they can but do, to the sweet life of a dearly loved friend, that the subtle fragrance of her influence floats around us and enshrouds us.

Alice Elizabeth Waterman entered the classical course of Wellesley College in Sept., 1885. Until her Junior year she seemed full of life and vitality and even as late as the Christmas vacation her ever watchful family had no premonition that she could not finish her course. But during the winter term her strength began to fail and the short spring holidays could not bring it back. In April, with deep regret, she gave up her loved work that she might, by rest, gain the strength so sadly needed—however, not an earthly, but an heavenly rest was to be hers. One of the first acts in her Wellesley life was to join the Christian Association and all could see that she strove to live as Christ would have us live.

The ties which bound her to her class were strong and not easily broken. She was elected a member of the '89 boat crew, but resigned—to the regret of her friends.

In the Glee Club her unselfishness was very manifest. Whatever she could do, she did with a willing spirit, regardless of personal inconvenience. The other members can but tune their voices to softer melodies when thinking of the sweet tones forever hushed.

As a student she was faithful and earnest. Her clear mind gave her the power of taking new truths into her very life. Her sister says: "Alice had a way of keeping her work well in hand and not becoming hurried, that is somewhat unusual. Her keen discrimination between the essential and the merely desirable contributed to her scholarship."

The influence she exerted upon her friends will ever remain with them. She was always sympathetic and it was a help to tell her one's troubles, for out of her love and clear vision of the right she could give what one needed. A friend says: "She was my refuge, when my life seemed at cross purposes, and she never failed to help me." While ill, came the message: "Tell Alice, all the good there is in me, she put there;" and another: "Alice taught me much, best of all, to be good."

A bit of a poem that she had copied she seems to have embodied in her life.

"Strive quietly  
Whatever thou art or dost;  
Sweetest the strain where, in the song,  
The singer has been lost;  
Truest the work, when 'tis the deed,  
Not done, counts for most."

Continued on Fourth Page.



BY MARION PELTON GUILD, A. B. WEL. '80.

On the third of October, seven years ago, Henry F. Durant, the founder and father of Wellesley College, having fought a good fight under Christ's banner against the powers of the kingdom of darkness, and leaving behind him a strong fortress from which that fight was to go on in after time, passed onward into the glory of God. It is fitting that all who have any part in the great educational and religious interests which now represent Mr. Durant on earth, should keep this anniversary sacred.

The sense of personal loss which we felt so keenly seven years ago is being more and more swallowed up in enthusiasm for the living principles which made, and do now make, our friend's life eternal. For he, in common with all truly spiritual men, had this noble quality, that in virtue of his spirituality he won those who loved him to love most the essential and eternal part of him. True, there are hundreds of us who can testify to the rare beauty of his appearance, to the exquisite charm of his manner and to the grace and power of his eloquence. Deeper than these were the numberless acts of generous kindness, the memory of which makes the throat choke suddenly and the eyes fill. But the real affection we bear him, the love that impels us toward all better living at the thought of him, "as at the sound of a trumpet," feeds not upon his kindnesses, but upon his kindness: not upon any of his deeds, but upon the nature and principles from which they spring. And since this nature and these principles are deathless, in so far as they are at one with those of the everliving God, we realize them as now present with us and acting upon us. It is a living friend, living in the deep sense compared with which the life we saw outwardly in him was but a shadow, whom we honor at this time.

Toward him the members of Wellesley College have a sacred responsibility. We are bound to carry out, in the institution which is his child and his word, the idea which he put into it at the start. We are all familiar enough with the name of that idea. It is called "The Christian Higher Education of Women." Are we all rationally trying to understand as fully as possible the idea itself, and to perfect it, according to whatsoever new light comes to us?

We know something of where Mr. Durant got his ideas of women. We have been told that, like most men of mark, he had an exceptionally good mother. Some of us have heard him describe, with merry admiration, a lady with whom he boarded during his student days his "Alma Mater," who would shell peas, nurse the lady, and hear the boys' Latin lessons, all at the same time. Above all, we are permitted to know and love the woman who in the supreme degree represented womanhood to our friend. Sometime the younger daughters of Wellesley will be told a story at which we can only hint here. It is a story of a beautiful maiden, rigorously trained no less in courtly accomplishments than in thorough housewifery, who, believing that *noblesse oblige*, set the fear of the Lord before vanity, and service to mankind above their homage; who becoming wedded to a man whose nature contained the possibilities of hero and saint, not only proved herself a most loving and loyal wife, but steadfast in faith and prayer, watched as a guardian angel over his struggling spirit, till hero and saint stood manifest; who watched his poetic idealism with a wisdom and justice that we believe to be unique, and went right onward with him, if not a step before him, in all the great and righteous work to which he gave the rest of his life: who, loving home and kindred with the deep tenderness of a large, motherly heart, let her love go outward to the most wretched, the most degraded of her Father's children; who now works on alone, "seeing that which is invisible," and doing noble deeds in silence. The story will be told, but not now. In the meantime, have we eyes, and see not? Who that does see, however dimly, can wonder at Mr. Durant's invincible faith in and reverence for the higher possibilities of womanly attainment?

But there are so many kinds of womanly attainment! Ah, that is just where our duty comes in. We must urge that the Wellesley students and graduates shall not give themselves up blindly and passively to the higher education, to climbing the heights of womanhood in the abstract, without studying, as Mr. Durant himself did, the heights of womanhood in the concrete, and finding out for themselves what manner of woman the age and the time and their own circumstances require. Let them make learning the means to an end; and that end, efficient character. Let them beware of becoming so absorbed in any favorite subject, or of so exclusively fitting themselves for any chosen line of work, as to neglect the simple practical wisdom which should underlie all else, and the sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men which is one-half the commandment of Christ.

## OVER THE WATER TO CAMBRIDGE.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERTS. READ AT THE ALUMINAE DINNER, JUNE, 1888.

Swish-swash! Swish-swash!  
Over my head and at my feet,  
I hear the waters' restless beat.  
And here I'm going up, up, up,  
But before I'm up, I'm down,  
And I wonder, wonder where I am,  
As I gaze about with a frown.  
On a shelf in a box I see to be hid,  
And I query, half afraid,  
Am I freight or am I human,  
Am I fish, or am I woman?  
External tumult, internal commotion,  
Tell me, can this be crossing the ocean?

All gone, solidity!  
Naught but liquidity  
On which to rest!  
O, element aqueous,  
Why dost thou wake me thus  
On heaving breast?

Then Neptune with his trident gave the ship a mighty lurch,  
And sent me trembling, dizzy, from my lofty shell-like perch.  
And I wandered, zigzag, wandered, to the upper, outer air,  
And sat me down and gazed about with an apathetic stare.  
Yes, ocean, thou art wonderful and beautiful to see,  
Yet far too turbulent thou art and uncontrolled for me.  
Thy smile is sweet, but underneath I know thy rage is strong,  
And that thy kindness and repose will wear away ere long.  
And whenever I gaze upon thee, there comes a vague unrest,  
And a nameless feeling of longing which can hardly be expressed,  
And so these feeling words I sang as I drew near to land,  
While all the porpoises and whales hearkened with smiling bland:—

"O, water is all very well in a tumbler,  
But when it is a swell, and you are the tumbler,  
You may well beg of Neptune to pity your trials  
And serve you his wares in homœopathic phials."

O joy to tread the solid earth,  
To feel beneath one's feet  
The steady firmness of the ground  
Instead of ocean's beat!  
O joy to set one's foot right down  
On the very spot one has planned.  
Without earth rising to meet it  
In a way one can't understand!  
And though the city is dirty and dark,  
(By name of Liverpool,)  
And though some pangs of homesickness  
(All quite against my rule,)  
Did on my weakened mind intrude  
To try to make me sad,

To be on shore and fixed once more,  
I felt entirely glad.

And now picture after picture flashes on my eager gaze,  
As I sit here to recall them, those glad English summer days.  
Here a city with a castle perched up high upon a hill,  
And a palace way down yonder to be Jack to castle's Jill.  
Here cathedrals' piles of grandeur rise up stately to the sky,  
Yonder is a thatch-roofed cottage gazing up with humble eye.  
Here's a land of hills and heather, purple gleams and limpid lakes,  
Mists and brightness, showers and shadows through which sunlight  
often breaks.

Yon's an abbey old and ruined, but whose arches graceful stand,  
Clothed with ivy and with mosses by Time's gracious, powerful hand.  
Here are graves of England's heroes, many a statesman, many a bard,  
Here a living English yeoman to whom *his* come so hard.  
All around's a scene of beauty, gardens fresh and roses fair,  
Daisies twinkling in the grasses, hedge rows smiling everywhere.  
See, Dame Nature paints most finely in old England's little isle.  
And though wept upon incessant, she continueth to smile.  
Now any one may safely vouch that her colors will not run,  
But the question is,— "Would they not fade if there were any sun?"  
Though one hardly likes to offer one's ideas to a nation,  
Yet I always felt assured that England needed ventilation.  
Should she open wide her windows and perhaps also a transom,  
The draught might blow her fogs away in a manner rather handsome,  
But as I never before have offered this for contemplation,  
Let us have no thoughts of blame for the worthy English nation.

The scene hath changed. Behold a quiet town  
Wherein full many a youth, in cap and gown,  
Doth wander in and out of cloisters old,  
Whose stories have so oft been sung and told.  
The old gray time-worn buildings seem to glance  
With stately scorn at insignificance,  
And yet the ivy lovingly doth twine  
About their grim exteriors, as a sign  
Of hope and welcome to both young and old  
Who Learning's treasures fair would have and hold.  
We see, beyond, a sluggish little stream,  
Too small to call a river, it could seem.  
And yet this is that Cam which gives its name  
To one of England's towns of classic fame.  
But yet so small that even the students say  
That having crossed this stream ten times a day,  
Their friends from far do often ask serene,  
"Where is the river Cam? That I've not seen."  
Beyond the river are some lofty trees,  
Where nests of rooks do ruck with every breeze.

If you were a rook  
In that shady nook,  
From your outlook  
What would you see?  
A waterproof stout,  
Umbrella out,  
Note book no doubt,  
That would be me.  
Should you follow me  
From the top of your tree  
To see where I might be,  
Where would you find me?

In a large room  
With mixed perfume,  
Urged to my doom,  
German doctor behind me,  
With a wistful sigh,  
Glance at pipe lying nigh,  
Of the aniline dye  
He discourseth profoundly.  
Were I put to flight  
That he might ignite  
His heart's delight,  
To which most suitably

Of women and such  
He doesn't think much.  
So briefly we'll touch  
On this part of the story.  
No doubt he doth fear  
That the womanly sphere  
Lieth not very near

To a laboratory.  
Then to lecture I go  
And sit on the front row,  
That all men may know  
That I never look behind me.  
In my few hours of ease,  
At afternoon teas,  
Draining two cups with ease,  
You'll be certain to find me.

Would you know more of my life by the Cam?  
Then I'll tell you at once what thinking I am.  
You must go there yourself and try it as I did.  
The theme's not poetic, of that I'm decided.

Here the manuscript seems to cease.  
The author has not said  
Whether she journeyed home in peace  
Or whether she is dead.  
But her Pegasus was old and lame  
And growing tired, no doubt,  
For it had been a long, long time  
Since he'd been out.  
So if he suddenly collapsed  
Like the one-horse chaise,  
Why, we must simply pardon both  
And go our ways.

## A VISIT TO THE NORTH BENNET STREET INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

BY MARY L. BEAN, CLASS OF '89.

The increasing interest manifested on every hand in the subject of Industrial Education leads to an investigation of schools or classes in which manual training has been introduced, with the view of ascertaining its methods, its success, and the practicability of making such instruction available to the masses through our public schools. It was with such ideas in view that our steps were directed to the Industrial School, situated on North Bennet Street, Boston. A neat brick building was secured there in June, 1881, and several departments of work were immediately organized. An Intelligence Office, a Loan and Relief Department, a Laundry, a Day Nursery and Kindergarten were established and classes in carpentry, printing, shoemaking and cooking. Time and experience proved to the managers that the success of the first three departments was not such as to warrant their continuance. It was found more advisable to train girls for domestic service than to try and secure situations for those incompetent, and the work of the Loan and Relief department could more advantageously be relegated to the well-organized system of associated charities.

With the exceptions named, all the original work, with many important additions, has been continued, and efforts to give it "greater educational value and to reach a steadily increasing number of persons," have met with success.

It was found that regularity of attendance in the various departments was necessary in order to warrant the large expense attendant upon a well-equipped Industrial School, as well as to secure fruitful results from the instruction, and to that end an effort was made to gain permission from the School Boards of public schools in adjoining districts, to send classes to the

school for "Industrial training during school hours and under school discipline." The proposition was cordially received, and for four years classes have been sent from the public schools to the different departments in this building. The pupil is permitted to attend the Industrial school two hours a week, upon the request in writing of parents or guardians.

In June, 1884, the purchase of the building was made by a number of friends of the school, foremost among these being Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, and in April, 1885, the North Bennet Street Industrial School was incorporated.

We take the following from the last published report of the school (1887): "Classes come from ten to twelve o'clock in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon, during five days in the week. The whole number so sent during the last school year is 878. Of these, 164 have been sent to the carpenter's shop, 142 to the shoe shop, 124 to the printing office, 118 to the department of clay modelling, and 300 girls will have had a course of 20 lessons in cookery, during this school year, 150 of whom finished this course in February. Added to this on certain afternoons and evenings, and on Saturday mornings there are 'volunteer classes,' not from the public schools, numbering 244 pupils weekly. This includes 75 in dressmaking and 50 in cookery, who pay ten cents an evening for the lesson, among whom are some school teachers, as well as those who are at work during the day in shops and factories, making a total of 172 persons who receive industrial training of one kind or another in this building weekly."

Upon our visit, we were received by the Superintendent, Miss L. A. Gould, who courteously conducted us through the departments. In the cooking school, a class of fifteen girls from the Charlestown High school were receiving instruction. The theory was first obtained from a textbook, the young lady instructor giving any additional information needed. Then each girl in neat white apron went to her table, where with the necessary materials and articles at hand, she made a practical demonstration of her study of a few minutes previous. A glance around the room at the charts and blackboards showed us the practical nature of the information presented, and the neatness of the pantry, the class-room and all its appointments gave evidence of orderly house-keeping. The cost of materials used in one lesson in this department is now reduced to about one cent per pupil.

The printing office, we were told, is one of the most popular departments. Practical results of work were shown here, and the receipts of order work in this department more than pay cost for all materials used in it. Boys and girls have gone directly from this office to remunerative employment. In this as in all the departments an instructor was present giving individual as well as class instruction.

Clay modelling is a department whose training is considered especially valuable for pupils not yet large or strong enough to use carpenter's tools, and the preliminary training in this room is quickly recognized by the instructor in wood-work, when pupils come through that department to the carpenter's shop. Carefully prepared specimens of work were shown us here, and as the pupils worked, it seemed especially true of this department that eye, hand and mind were receiving their harmonious development.

We were conducted to two rooms in which instruction was being given in carpentering. In the first a class of boys between the ages of nine and twelve, were grouped around the instructor engaged in fitting together small stools. In the other room were older boys, devoting time not so much to the construction of finished objects, as to the general training in the use of tools. It was interesting to note that both girls and boys receive instruction in this department, the finest specimen of work shown as being that of a girl deaf and dumb.

In the shoe shop a class of small boys were having a lesson in stitching leather. Practical shoe-making is here taught, and the care and accuracy necessary in taking measurements and in cutting greatly enhance the educational value of this department.

Five evenings of the week there are classes in cutting and making dresses. The number of pupils in each class is limited to ten and there are always demands for admission. Ten cents is paid each evening for the lesson and a small sum toward the purchase of a chart.

In the library we found the librarian preparing for the distribution of books, which takes place every day except Sunday from four to six o'clock and from seven to nine o'clock. About two hundred volumes are taken out weekly by children too young to be admitted to the public library.

We were interested in hearing of the evening work and amusements. On five evenings of the week a large hall and other rooms are open for gymnastics and military drill, under competent instructors, games, music and social intercourse. During the course of a week, between 300 and 400 enjoy these recreations, among them boys from ten to sixteen years of age and on certain evenings girls and young women. We were taken into a room used by a girls' club, organized with a membership fee of ten cents a month. The room was furnished tastily, partly by the girls themselves, partly by friends who had sent furniture, pictures and books which made the room cheerful and homelike. A companionable lady is present every evening, and other ladies spend evenings with the girls who bring their sewing or fancy work and greatly enjoy the rest and comfort after their day's work.

The amusement room is a large hall where, we were told, thirty to fifty boys assemble four evenings of the week for playing games. Young ladies and gentlemen pledge themselves to be present certain evenings and it is found that courtesy, fair-dealing, truth-telling and consideration for others are inculcated through the medium of such amusements, and often warm personal interest and influence developed.

Weekly lectures are given by physicians to mothers and young women on Hygiene, emergencies and kindred topics.

A vacation school is carried on during six weeks of the summer when most of the regular departments are continued and some other occupations added. During the summer of 1887 there was an average attendance of two hundred and fifty children.

As we passed through the halls, the shouts and happy voices of children at play told us we were approaching the day nursery. Here we found a score of little children romping and playing, attended by several nurse-maids who amused and comforted them in turn as their childish fancies required. Opposite was a room around which was a border of cribs, where tired little heads were nestled away for their afternoon naps. Every comfort is given them and when the mother returns from work at five o'clock she finds that her child has been most comfortably provided for during the day. A room near was fitted up for Kindergarten purposes, where a large class with songs, games, and various kinds of work were taking their first steps in manual, mental and moral education.

The work of this school is summed up in the last report in these words: "It is estimated that more than 500 hours of instruction and about 200 hours of recreation are furnished to more than 1500 persons, at a cost of less than \$1000 monthly."

The Treasurer's report for 1887 showed that the net expense of the school for that year was \$10,093.76; of the Kindergarten department, \$1,379.21, and of the day nursery \$2,651.56. Receipts, \$28,710.47.

The support of this undertaking has been met by a few of its warm friends, but its increasing growth has made it necessary to ask for the general co-operation of the public. The wisdom which has conceived—as well as the hands which have executed—so useful and practical a course of training must commend itself to every one, and the prosperous condition of the school in its various departments attests the faithfulness and earnestness with which the school has been carried on since its founding. One is strongly impressed, during a visit to this school, with the practical nature of all the instruction given. The gratifying attainments of pupils prove convincingly that manual training in connection with public school work is no doubtful experiment, and give us confidence that the day is near at hand when courses of instruction, similar to those described, will be made available for every child.



## AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:  
Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers:  
Yet I smile and whisper this,—  
"I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears and let it lie:  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,—  
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye,—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury.  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more.  
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorions! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends:  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
In enlarging paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space,  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept:  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain:  
Only not at death, for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illo Allah! yea!*  
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!  
He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

## DEFENCE OF THE USE OF THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Argument of Henry F. Durant, Esq., in the Eliot School Case.

## THE ELIOT SCHOOL CASE.

On Monday, the fourteenth day of March last, the public were much excited by the announcement that there had been an open rebellion in the Eliot School, one of the largest Grammar schools in Boston, and that all the Catholic children had refused to obey the established regulations of the School Committee in regard to the reading of the Holy Scripture and the recital of the Ten Commandments. Over three hundred pupils temporarily refused to obey these regulations, and were therefore dismissed from the school.

On the following Wednesday, a complaint was made in the police court by William Wall, the father of one of the pupils, against Melanin F. Cook, the second or sub-master of the school, charging him with an assault and battery upon his boy, Thomas J. Wall. The trial was protracted for a number of days, and necessarily postponed on account of the public business, until the 25th of March, when this argument was addressed to the court on behalf of the defendant. The following facts, which appeared at the trial, are referred to in the debate.

On Sunday, the 6th of March, there was a meeting in a basement room of St. Mary's church, a church of the Jesuits, on Endicott Street, at which a few of the Eliot School children and some of the parents were present. What took place did not fully appear, although it was admitted that some directions were given to the children by Father Wiget, the priest, in regard to repeating the Ten Commandments in school. On the Monday morning following, the boy, Thomas J. Wall, refused to join with the other scholars in repeating the Ten Commandments, saying that he did not know them. He was reminded by the teacher that he had always been in the habit of repeating them before, but still persisted in his denial. He was then taken to Mr. Mason, the principal of the school, who told him that he must attend school until his father came with him and the matter was inquired into. On Wednesday the father brought back his boy and gave directions that he should repeat the Commandments as the others did, or that he should be punished severely. On Thursday he came again and asked if his son had obeyed the regulations, and was told that he would not be required to do so until the next Monday. He then repeated the order to punish the boy severely if he refused, and gave very particular directions not to dismiss him from school, if he disobeyed, but to keep him and punish him severely. On the Sunday following, the children, about nine hundred in number, who attended St. Mary's Church, were all collected and instructed by Father Wiget that they must not repeat the Ten Commandments, or join in the Lord's Prayer, and he threatened them with exposure from the altar if they disobeyed him. On Monday there was a general disturbance and disorder in the different school-rooms during the usual reading of the Bible. The boys scraped with their feet and made much disturbance by whispering and muttering; they afterwards all refused to say the Lord's Prayer or recite the Ten Commandments. It was testified that the boy Wall was the most active and appeared to be the one to whom the others looked as foremost. He was called to the teacher's desk and examined and then was whipped for his misconduct. It was claimed that the boy was severely whipped, but the evidence of a physician who was called by him showed that the whipping was not severe, and that all marks or effects of it disappeared the next day.

The boy and his father were called as witnesses, and among other things the boy said that a brass medal, silver-washed, was given to him by Father Wiget the night before he was called as a witness. This took place at the Jesuit's house, but the boy said he did not know why the medal was given him, and could not recollect anything said to him at the interview, except "to go home to supper." The inference was placed upon the ground, that the regulations of the school were proper, and that there was a planned and concerted rebellion to overthrow the discipline of the school, and set the master's authority at defiance, and that such misconduct not only justified but required a much more severe punishment than was given. The counsel for the prosecution took the ground that the school regulations were illegal and unconstitutional, and thus the great question in the case was raised.

## ARGUMENT.

May it please your Honor:—

The spectacle which is presented to-day in this court, is indeed novel and strange. A worthy teacher of one of our principal public schools, who is bound by our wise and benevolent laws to impart the great gifts of free instruction in piety and morality and learning to his pupils, is arraigned as a criminal—arraigned by one of his own pupils at the bar of this court as a criminal because he has attempted to do his duty—because he has obeyed that ancient, wise and beneficent law, which in words of simple and familiar beauty enjoined upon him to "impress upon the minds of the children committed to his care, those principles of piety, justice, love of country, humanity and universal benevolence, which are the basis of a Republican government and tried to secure the blessings of liberty."

He stands indeed before the bar of this court arraigned as a criminal, but he stands there in proud humility, proud of his position, conscious that in the execution of the delicate and important trusts committed to him, he has done his duty boldly and manfully—confident that the laws will protect him—confident that the hearts and minds of his fellow citizens will sustain him gratefully, because in the hour of peril and of duty he was true to the laws.

But this is not the whole picture. In the dark background are seen his accusers; the real criminals, who have usurped the place and the name of accusers. And who are they? Some are seen, and some are unseen, some are known, and some are unknown, some are seen in full view, while some are only seen as doubtful and mysterious shadows; but the brief, strange record of this case tells its own significant story.

For years we have enjoyed the highest blessing which even a free government can bestow upon its citizens—the blessing of education, unbought, unsold—free to all, common to all, without distinction of birth, or sect or race. Under the wise and parental system of our public schools, our children were taught together as one free and happy, and united family. The children of the emigrant and the alien sat side by side with the children of the free born American—they learned from the same book—they shared the same instruction, profited by the same culture—and they left the school together to enter upon the broad highway of life with the same lights of learning behind them, the same stars of hope and promise before them, free and equal under the laws.

This was the story of yesterday; but to-day we find a mournful and ominous change. Suddenly—at the absolute will of one man—by the exercise of a dark and dangerous, a fearfully dangerous power, hundreds of children of tender years, children who were living in the full enjoyment of liberty and of learning, are not only arrayed in open rebellion against our established regulations, and in open violation of our laws, but are deliberately taught that they are to sacrifice all the benefits and blessings of free education, and are led out by their priests from the protecting roof of the school-house to the temptations, the dissipation and crimes of the streets. This course is even now justified and persevered in; the same influences are still at work in our schools, and we are told to-day by the advocate of those deluded children, that this dangerous and unscrupulous priest was in the right, that the laws under which my client justifies himself were rightly denounced from the altar, were properly set at defiance by the pupils, and are destructive of the liberty of conscience, intolerant, illegal, unconstitutional and void.

Who is this priest who comes here from a foreign land to instruct us in our laws? For whom, and on whose behalf, is this charge of intolerance—this charge that we are violating the sacred liberty of conscience—brought against the people and the laws of Massachusetts? Can it be that one of the Society of Jesuits is the accuser? I wish to discuss this case as calmly as I may. I wish to say nothing to arouse feelings that can not easily be allayed; but there are *memories* which we can never banish from heart or brain: there are records on earth and in heaven that can never be melted out; there are pages of history written in letters of fire, and of blood; and the man who leads forth his flock of children, and boldly arrays them in open defiance of our established laws, who audaciously and ingrately assails our established regulations as intolerant and unchristian and as violating the sacred liberty of conscience, would do well to look behind him as well as before—would do well to pause and reflect if he is in a position which authorizes such grave accusations, or justifies such violence.

But I must discuss this case with more of method and order, and I will not answer this attack upon our laws and our institutions, until I have shown how material it is to the decision of this cause—how vital and deadly a blow is aimed at our institutions, our liberties and our laws.

My client is charged with an unlawful assault upon one of his pupils. There was a pretense originally that he had been guilty of neediness and unreasonableness in enforcing the established regulation of the school, but that pretense has faded—and faded away into utter insignificance.

The evidence of the boy himself, and of the physician who saw him, showed that the punishment was neither unusual nor severe.

The evidence of the boy himself showed that it was necessary he should be punished, unless all hopes of obedience and control in that school were to be abandoned forever. But what can be said now, after we have proved by witness upon witness—that gross violation of the discipline of the school—the indecent and riotous conduct of the children—their wilful and openly concerted rebellion against the masters—that planned and arranged conspiracy among the scholars, that they would unite together and overthrow the authority of the teachers, and the regulations of the school?

What justification can be afforded for all this, unless, indeed, the novel rule is to be established in Massachusetts that a Jesuit can dictate from Endicott street as to the management of our public schools. Unless his authority is to be superior to our laws;—unless he can set up his will as supreme;—unless his nod can justify any disobedience, any disrespect, any violence, on the part of the scholars;—then it was the plain duty of the teacher to maintain the discipline of his school; and to enforce those rules which he was as much bound to observe and execute as the scholars were bound to obey.

Need I say, in a court of law, that no punishment could be severe in a case like this? Need I allude to the authorities which give to the master in the schoolroom the power and the duty of a father—the power to enforce obedience, and punish resistance, especially such organized and open resistance as this? Need I remind the Court of the other facts in this case, the authority which the father himself gave to the master to punish his stubborn boy—the authority never withdrawn and never revoked? No! May it please your Honor, I pass by all these points, for I wish for time to discuss the only question which requires or deserves discussion—the real question in the case. And that is, whether the regulations which have been referred to are illegal and unconstitutional?

The laws in regard to our public schools are so dear to every citizen, so important in our free government, that they are familiar to every one.

Free schools are established and maintained at the public charge. The children of all citizens, without any distinction whatever, are allowed to attend them, and all receive the same course of instruction and are governed by the same rules. The general nature of the studies is regulated by positive statutes, but the details of discipline, the selection of teachers, the choice of books and the general management of the schools is given to school committees, which have large legislative and almost judicial powers delegated to them by the laws. The general law which regulates the course and class of studies in our schools, is found in the Revised Statutes, Chapter 23, Section 7.

It provides that "piety, justice, a sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, chastity, moderation and temperance," should be taught. All these are to be taught, but *first of all, piety*.

In the execution of the duty which is imposed upon our school committee, of prescribing the mode and the means by which piety shall be taught: in the execution of the statute of 1855, which requires that a portion of the Holy Bible should be read daily in every school; in the execution, also, of their general duty, to direct the discipline and management of our schools, they have passed the following regulations, which apply to all the public schools in Boston:—

The morning exercises of all the schools shall commence with reading a portion of Scripture, in each room, by the teacher, and the Board recommend that the reading be followed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the teacher alone, or chanted by the teacher and children in concert, and that the afternoon session close with appropriate singing, and also that the pupils learn the Ten Commandments, and repeat them once a week.

Substantially similar regulations, embracing a part or the whole of these recommendations, have always existed in our New England schools. These precise regulations have existed in our Boston schools for years. They were published widely, they were read in the schools, they were universally known and universally acquiesced in. They were established not for Catholics alone nor for Protestants alone,—they were established to favor no particular creed; no one yet has dared to charge that they were established with any sectarian views. They were established for all, acquiesced in by all, and no one can doubt that they were useful and beneficial to all.

Had there been any feeling that these regulations were arbitrary or unjust—had there been any conscience so sensitive that they became a burden—had any parent, or any child, of any sect of Christians objected to them, there was the fullest opportunity for remonstrance and redress. But it was not so. No teacher was requested to suspend the rules, there was no remonstrance to the school committee—no request to modify or abolish the apparently wise and useful regulations—there was no appeal to the courts, which enforce the laws, nor to the legislature which enacts them. The children obeyed without a murmur, and the parents acquiesced either from indifference, or from satisfaction.

It was in opposition to these regulations so long obeyed, so long acquiesced in, under which year after year our Catholic citizens with pride and satisfaction saw their children receiving and sharing with all others the benefits of a free and liberal education, that it has been found necessary to resort to open violence, to a deliberately planned and arranged rebellion against the discipline and authority of our schools,—a rebellion which might gratify the ambition or aid the far reaching designs of the priest, but could only end in the ruin of those misguided children, who were at once their tools and their victims. These are the regulations and this is their history.

And now, since it so plainly appears that my client was justified in punishing this deliberate and wilful rebellion against the rules so long established, so long acquiesced in, so long a part of our invaluable public school system, the counsel for the prosecution are forced to take the ground that these laws and regulations themselves are illegal and unconstitutional.

The court can not have forgotten the able and very learned opening argument of the counsel for the prosecution. The issue is plainly made by him that the regulations which I have read are illegal and unconstitutional, and therefore I can not avoid it or refuse to meet it if I would. His general argument, if I understand it correctly, is this:—

Our Constitution declares that every citizen shall have full liberty to worship God according to his own conscience.

The statutes of 1852 require that children should, for at least three months in the year, attend some public school.

All citizens are taxed for the support of public schools, and therefore, have equal rights to them.

To require the scholars to repeat the Ten Commandments infringes upon their liberty of conscience and the rule is, therefore, unconstitutional.

Any attempt to enforce an unconstitutional law is illegal, and any punishment whatever, for a refusal to obey such a law, is illegal.

If these arguments are sound and unanswerable, then the Bible must indeed be banished from our schools forever.

If a Catholic child not only has a right, but is bound by law to attend school; if, because all citizens are taxed, he has the rights which are now claimed, and if what he chooses to call his scruples of conscience are to be obeyed—then he is not obliged to recite nor to hear the Ten Commandments; he is not obliged to repeat nor to hear the Lord's Prayer; he is not obliged to read the Protestant Bible nor to hear it read;—either would offend his Catholic scruples—all are violations of his liberty of conscience.

This is indeed a great question—the *greatest* and *gravest* question, in my judgment, which this Court will ever be called upon to determine; and as it is now for the first time presented here, it is fit that it should be seriously and solemnly discussed, and that it should be met and decided upon those broad principles of justice and law which will satisfy all good citizens of every sect and race, all who love and are willing to obey our laws. No one who knows and cherishes the history of our country,—no one who watches now, with fear and hope, the dark and threatening signs of the times,—no one who reflects upon those essential qualities those cardinal virtues in the citizen, upon which alone a Republican government can be founded, and by which alone it can be sustained,—but must feel and know that this is a question, the importance of which can not be overrated or exaggerated;—a question which must be met boldly, fearlessly, and with entire frankness;—a question which requires very plain dealing, and justifies very plain speaking also.

My own wish is to avoid all extreme grounds and to avoid all questions which will widen the threatened breach between our citizens. I chiefly desire to speak to the complainant who has been instigated to bring this case before the court, and to his brethren and friends. I speak to the alien, the emigrant, and the exile who have found refuge here from the wrongs and oppressions of the Old World. I appeal to them at once and forever to abandon as most dangerous and most injurious to the welfare of their children, the counsels of those who would array them in opposition to the laws, who would teach them to separate their children from those free schools where all meet beneath the same roof, speak the same tongue, learn from the same books, and enter together the great republic of letters.

I appeal to them, to disabuse their minds of the prejudice that their liberty of conscience is to be invaded or violated. No intelligent Catholic parent believes it or fears it for a moment. I appeal to their own cherished hopes and wishes for the welfare of the children whom they love. I appeal to their experience of past years, and to the better lessons of these past few days. I ask every parent to look back upon his own life, upon his own daily sorrows and regrets that a free school was never open to himself, and then to decide whether he will sacrifice his children also—whether he will dare, at the bidding of priest or politician, to leave his offspring in the shadow of the same darkness; and sadder and darker their lives by the same cloud of ignorance which has overshadowed all their own weary, hopeless days.

Unless I can support and sustain these rules as consistent with liberty of conscience—as consistent with the purest spirit of religious toleration; unless I can show to our adopted citizen, our adopted brethren, that side by side our children can consistently and properly receive the education which the laws give freely and equally to all—unless they can join their little hands and lift their young hearts in common prayer to the Father of the fatherless, then these regulations will no longer be defended or justified by me.

To be continued.



Continued from First Page.

It is said that before her death, she saw a bright light and stretched her hands toward it. She need not strive for "Mehr Licht," for she has reached the glorious "light of truth's clear sky."

Of the resting-place her sister writes: "Enfolded by the ineffable glory of the everlasting hills, Alice sleeps, surrounded by her favorite golden-rod."

"Only low half tones are heard;  
The flutter of the dreaming bird;  
The brooklets run below the pine;  
The murmurs of a world at peace  
That stir and thrill and softly cease.  
What wonder that it seem so fair  
Beside man's weary world of sin,  
Thy world, that no sin enters in,  
O Kingdom of the clovered sod,  
O peaceful realm of Golden-rod.

I lie amid the Golden-rod,  
I love to see it lean and nod;  
I love to feel the grassy sod  
Whose kindly breast will hold me fast,  
Whose patient arms will fold me fast—  
Fold me from sunshine and from song,  
Fold me from sorrow and from wrong;  
Through gleaming gates of Golden-rod  
I'll pass into the rest of God."

#### INDIAN AFFAIRS.

BY MARY S. CASE, A. B. DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

The Indian Committee of the Students' Christian Association is appointed in the interest of the endeavor to secure for the Indian the rights of citizenship in the United States and to prepare him for the fulfillment of the corresponding obligations. It is the chief duty of this committee to disseminate information in regard to past legislation on Indian matters and past efforts to improve the condition of the Indian, in regard to his present legal statutes, and all work now going on, and in regard to such legislation as is still needed, either to remedy existing abuses or to hasten the admission of the Indian to the full rights of citizenship and prepare him for a free, wise exercise of those rights.

This committee was appointed in June, but so late that it could merely hold one session of about five minutes at which only a few of the members were present. There was time for scarcely anything more than the general advice to find out in the course of the summer as much as possible on the subject. Since this advice was construed by most of the members in a vacation spirit, the committee has little as yet to report. The chairman has, however, increased the collection of documents handed to her by last year's committee. There is therefore already in her possession a considerable amount of material for the investigation.

It may seem that little can be accomplished by a few women shut off to some extent from the active world. Even to launch a bill upon the Congressional sea, to say nothing of guiding it safely into the desired port, is a task far beyond our power. Fortunately no such task is laid upon us. Many strong arms are already pushing at the boat, and the call comes to us to remember the little boy who said, "I can push a pound," and whose pound was enough to turn the balance and send the great ship down to its appointed place.

The movement in which we are asked to join is not merely the work of isolated individuals. Besides other organizations there is an Indian Rights Association, formed for the purpose of securing suitable legislation on Indian affairs. An account of the history and work of this Association and other items of interest pertaining to the Indians, will appear in early numbers of the COURANT.

#### ATTENTION

Is called to the third page, where our readers will find the opening passages of Mr. Durant's eloquent argument in the Eliot School Case. This plea for the Bible in our public schools, because of its interest as bearing on the kindred discussion of to-day, because of its oratorical force and beauty and because of its peculiar value not only to those of us who were fortunate in knowing Mr. Durant personally, but hardly less to the younger daughters of Wellesley, who know and honor him in his work, will be reprinted by installments in this and following numbers of the COURANT.

#### Alumnæ.

Miss Clementine C. Bacheler, B. A. '80, is teaching in Jacksonville Academy, Jacksonville, Ill.

Mrs. Adelaide Wells Cross returns to her home in Omaha, Neb., after a summer in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Susan Searle continues her successful work in the school for girls at Kobe, Japan.

Miss Clara G. Ames has been studying music in Berlin for the last two years. After giving another year to her musical studies, she intends to pursue some special work in Germany.

Miss Jennie C. Merrill is travelling in Europe.

Miss Julia Bissell has been teaching in a college for boys at Ahmednagar during the summer, owing to the death of one of the professors of the institution.

Miss Clara Andrews is teaching science at Ladies' College, Toronto, Ontario.

Miss Mary B. Damon is studying medicine in the New York Medical College for women.

Miss Evelyn McCue is still under treatment for the lameness which caused her to leave College last spring.

Miss Hester D. Nichols '81, and Miss Mary E. Brown, special student at Wellesley '80-'83, sailed for Liverpool Sept. 12. They will spend the autumn in Switzerland and the winter in Germany studying.

Miss Anna Robertson Brown, A. B. Wellesley '83, A. M. '88, arrived at College last Saturday evening. Miss Brown will assist in the department of Literature until Miss French, whose work has been interrupted by illness, shall be able to resume her classes.

#### Our New Electric Lights.

None of us who have experienced the inconveniences of the flickering, unsteady light which we hitherto have had in our library, can fail to appreciate the beneficence of our kind friend, Prof. Horsford, in giving us the electric light with which we are now blessed. But contrary to most blessings, this one does not "brighten as it takes its flight," as can be testified by a number of young ladies who suddenly found themselves, the other evening, in the same state as was Moses "when the light went out." We would propose that a warning bell be rung when the lights are to be turned off, so that we be not wholly unprepared for the sudden transition from light to darkness.

#### The Faculty Parlor.

The Faculty have taken delight, during the past week, in entering into possession of their parlor. To the teachers from the outside halls and cottages, who have been accustomed to hanging their wet waterproofs over one another's best bonnets in a crowded wardrobe, the new cloak-room, with its lights, lounges, mirrors and abundant space, is a luxury in

itself. The academic hats and saccos wear a self-conscious look, seemingly surprised and embarrassed at their aristocratic isolation, each on a separate hook, and those roving botanical overshoes, which have so often slipped on to classic or literary feet and carried the defenseless wearer directly away from desk and lexicon into the open fields, are now safely ensconced in their individual pigeon-holes. But despite the attractions of the cloak-room, it is the parlor that the Faculty most frequent. Here at any hour of the day stray teachers may be found, half hidden away with their books in the cushioned and curtained window-seats, chatting in a group behind the folding-screen, fitting the bright little keys to their personal drawers in the cabinet, reclining on the reposeful sofa, writing at the generous table, or leaning back in the deep chairs and drinking in with dreamy eyes the refreshment of the surrounding beauty. Yet the week is but a happy promise of the enjoyment to come from Professor Horsford's gift.

"Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us."

#### Dana Hall.

Twenty-one applications have been made from Dana Hall for the class entering College September 1889, and twenty-six for the class entering in 1890.

#### Dulce Est Desipere in Loco.

Colds? Headaches? Under the weather? That's a poor situation, especially now when there's so much weather to be under. Climb up and surmount it, if you can. The top of the morning to you! Tired of umbrellas, overshoes, waterproofs? But still we have our compensations. It's "so English, you know."

All signs fail in dry weather, but this cannot account for the absence of the one formerly standing before the East Lodge. What has become of it?

New student to Professor: "Yes, I think it is so nice for us girls to meet the Faculty out of business hours, because if we don't like them in class, we have more charity for them if we know them." Professor: "Really—ahem—that side of the question had never impressed me before."

It might be well to call the attention of the U. S. Navy Department to the rapidity with which our Wellesley fleet is increasing. Already several new private boats have been moored along the shore line.

A care-worn student of Jewish History was coming two parallel lists of the Kings of Israel and Judah, so many of whose names begin with J. She handed the slip to a compassionate looker-on, with the faint remark: "It makes me J-head."

The Wabanites think that of their interior decorations one of the most successful is a scene, looped in graceful curves about their dining room walls; but when a visitor the other day remarked that it was an insane idea, their enthusiasm was somewhat quelled.

A word of explanation is perhaps permissible in regard to the varying metres of Miss Roberts' humorous poem on our second page. Our versatile Associate Professor of Chemistry, being requested last June to lighten the gravity of the after-dinner exercises of Wellesley's staid and serious Alumnæ, held office hours for the Muses between Commencement Dinner and Reception. In the fine frenzy of composition, the poet caught up scrap after scrap of paper, as each came to hand, and since the scraps were not uniform in width, recklessly fitted her flowing numbers to these uneven Sibylline leaves, thus producing that striking alternation of sprightly dactylic dimeters and stately iambic pentameters which distinguishes the poem.

#### To the Specials.

Are none of the "Special Students" studying Literature, that they are unfamiliar with the old rhyme beginning,

"Thirty days hath September?"

We feel compelled to admonish them very kindly to be careful what day they appoint for their weddings.

#### Building Lots in Wellesley for Sale.

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H. B. CORNWALL, Professor of Chemistry.

#### A WORD OF WARNING.

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